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IN THE TRADES, THE TROPICS, AND THE ROARING
FORTIES.*

BY LADY BRASSEY.

DEDICATION.



LADY BRASSEY.

*THIS WORK is dedicated,
as a tribute of admiration
and gratitude, to the noble
band of Navigators and Ex-
plorers, of all ages and of
every nation, who have de-
voted their lives to Scientific
Research, for the good of their
fellow-men and the glory of
their country.*

I.

Men were made to roam.

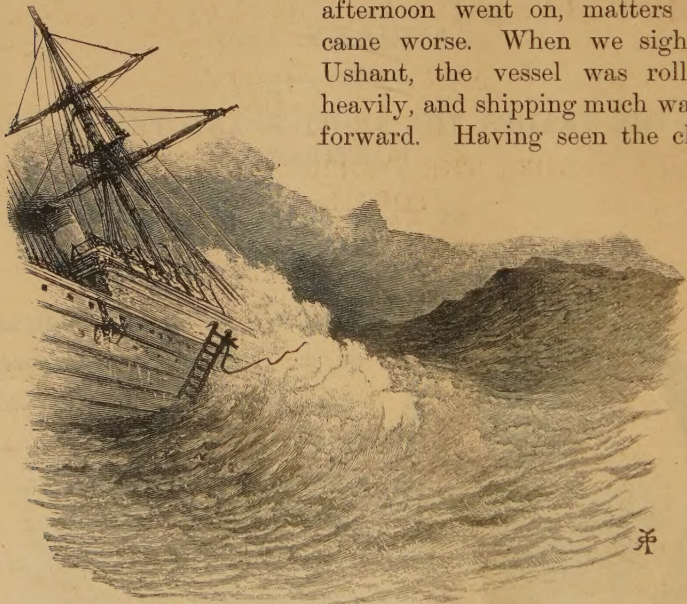
My meaning is—it hath been always thus :
They are athirst for mountains and sea foam.
Heirs of this world, what wonder if perchance
They long to see their grand inheritance !

WE arrived at Dartmouth late on the evening of September 27th, 1883, and proceeded straight on board the *Norham Castle*, in the *Britannia's* steam-launch, kindly lent us by Captain Bowden-Smith.

* We beg to acknowledge our indebtedness to the distinguished courtesy of Lady Brassey in connection with this series of chapters on the remark-
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At length the hawser was slipped from the big buoy; the engines began to move almost imperceptibly ahead; and our last link with Old England was severed. Heaven grant us all a safe voyage and a happy return! We had scarcely got outside Dartmouth, when the *Norham Castle* began to pitch and

roll most unpleasantly. As the afternoon went on, matters became worse. When we sighted Ushant, the vessel was rolling heavily, and shipping much water forward. Having seen the chil-



LADDER WASHED AWAY.

dren safely secured in their berths, I lay down on the sofa in their cabin, where, holding on tightly to the side, I slumbered

able voyage herein described. She has not only, with characteristic generosity, placed at our service the literary matter of these chapters, relinquishing all monetary advantage of authorship therein, but she has also enabled us to illustrate this fascinating narrative with ninety of the best engravings prepared for the high-priced English Edition, by the great house of Longmans, London. She has thus laid the readers of this MAGAZINE under a debt of gratitude for the many hours of pleasure they will enjoy in reading these pages and for the fund of information they will derive from them.—ED.

NOTE.—There were forty-three persons on board the *Sunbeam*—Sir Thomas Brassey M.P. (owner), Lady Brassey, Thomas Allnutt Brassey, Miss Muriel Agnes Brassey, Miss Marie Adelaide Brassey, Miss Rhoda Liddell, Miss Violet Liddell, Right Hon. G. J. Shaw Lefevre, M.P., Seymour Haden, Esq., R. A. Boissier, Esq., R. T. Pritchett, Esq., H. E. Hudson, Esq., and thirty-one mariners, engineers, stewards and servants.

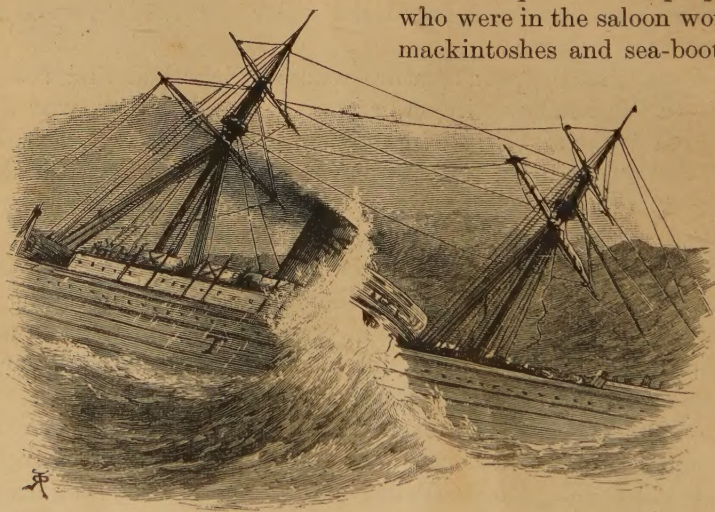
in the semi-conscious condition one falls into at sea in rough weather until I was suddenly awakened by piercing cries for help. On rising I found that the water was washing all about the cabin, and that my big boxes, little boxes, bags, baskets, etc., were floating backwards and forwards across the floor. Outside the cabin the water was pouring like a cataract down the companion; while the deck above leaked like a sieve, producing the effect of a continuous shower bath. Some accident seemed also to have happened to a steam-pipe, judging from the clouds of steam which were escaping, and from the cries of two men who complained that they had been scalded by the boiling water. Struggling along the passage between the first and second class saloons, I found the water sufficiently deep to fill my high sea-boots.

I soon met the poor creature whose shrieks had first roused me—a missionary's wife on her way to South Africa, who was attired in the scantiest of garments, and trying feebly to come aft and get on deck. She implored me most earnestly to tell her if I thought we were going to the bottom "at once," in reply to which appeal I assured her that I did not think there was any immediate danger. It was now evident that a very heavy gale was blowing; for the ship was not only rolling at an angle which made it almost impossible to stand, but was labouring in a way I did not at all like and shipping large masses of water, a vast quantity of which streamed below.

After my midnight excursion I returned to my cabin; propped myself in a corner; and proceeded to pass the night as best I could. Our berth was close to the pantry, the noises proceeding from which department were really appalling. First came vast crashes of crockery, the fragments of which appeared to get gradually broken up into smaller pieces as the ship rolled backwards and forwards, producing a sound like the breaking of waves on a rocky shore.

As day broke, matters began to mend and the gale to moderate. The chief steward took pity on the children and me and moved us to his own cabin, which was dry though small; and there we lay in a little heap, sea-sick and wretched, all day. From my travelling bag, containing all my little needments, more than a gallon of water was poured; while my favourite despatch bag, in which, among other things, were numerous letters of introduction, was reduced to a pulp. The contents of a bank-note case were so saturated and mixed together, that it was with difficulty the numbers of the notes could be read.

The ship continued to roll and labour heavily, and the seas to wash over her fore and aft, making everything above and below wet and miserable. One sea broke thirty feet over the heads of those on the bridge. This state of things continued without interruption throughout the night, until early on Sunday morning, when things began to look a little brighter. About noon a few passengers might be seen to creep out of their berths and to compare notes on the experiences and miseries of the last forty-eight hours. The saloon was dark and airless, owing to the canvas covers on the skylights. There too the water was swashing backwards and forwards, three or four inches deep. The few people who were in the saloon wore mackintoshes and sea-boots.



A HEAVY SEA.

Of course it was useless to think of having the usual church service; but the weather continued to improve, and towards the afternoon many of the passengers came up to enjoy the bright sunshine on the few dry spots on deck, and the next morning (Monday, October 1), at 4 a.m., we found ourselves rolling about at the mouth of the Tagus, waiting for daylight, and for a pilot to take us over the bar.

Cascaes Bay looked bright and pretty in the early dawn, the little fort of St. Julien just catching the light between the passing showers; and as the sun rose, its rays produced the most beautiful rainbow effect on the mountains of Cintra, and the wooded heights, crowned by the Castle of Penha.